His Mother-in-Law M By Clare Victor Dwiggins



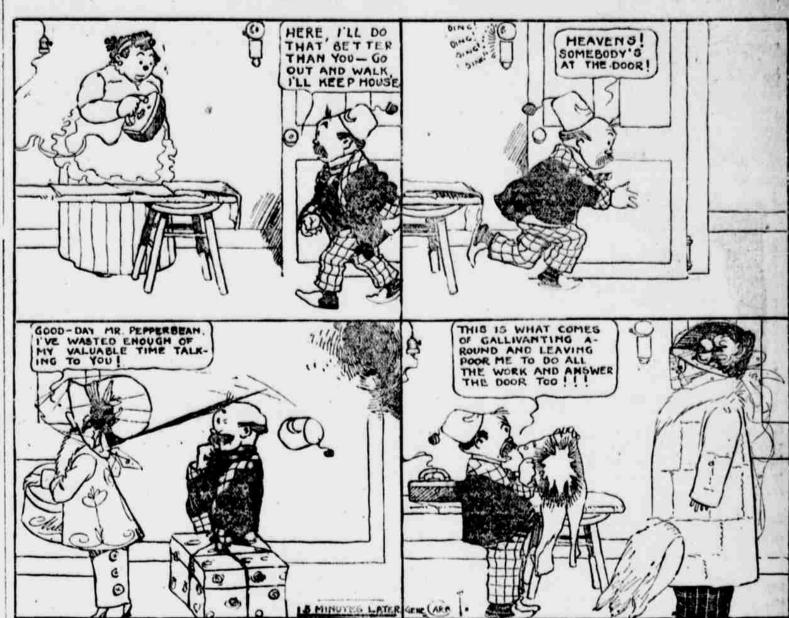






Handy Andy By Gene Carr

Copyright, 1911, by The Press Fullmening Co. (The New York World).



The Story of a Jilt By Herself.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued.) DON'T mind you," he answered quickly, with a generosity that put me to shame. "I did blame you, Sylvia, when I came. I thought you just a heartless little jilt. "I did blame you," he went on, "but even then I loved you-loved

you so well that I didn't mean to let you go. But now-when I know that you promised to marry me just because your pure spirit held a klas so sacred! When I ke w that you would have married me if real love hadn't come and been strong enough to save you from the sacrifice! Why, Sylvia, do you think I could do anything but honor you?"

I don't know what madness of gratitude or pity or admiration moved me. but I'm sure at least that it was a noble madness, whatever I may have been or done at other moments. And it swept me, with one biling step, one utterly

sincere cry, into Jack's arms. Then suddenly I felt myself released, and, looking up, I saw standing behind Jack in the doorway my affianced husband, Prentiss Buckner. I gave a gasp

and Jack wheeled round and went straight up to him. "I beg your pardon, sir. I have done you a great wrong," I heard him say.

Prentiss looked him over sardonically. His lips curled as if for a reply. Then he included me in his gaze, and the speech, if he had contemplated one, turned into a smile as if he tasted some ulterior jest and rather enjoyed it-it was as If he had predicted already some such site three of us. He didn't answer Jack at all.

"Have you anything to say to me, sir?" said Jack, stung by his silence. "Nothing at all, sir," said Prentiss, with perfect courtesy, "except" --- And

Except?" "To thank you."

The Unexpected Happens

"To thank me!" cried Jack, thrown quite off his guard. Premiss shrugged his shoulders, and permitted himself another smile. "I think I owe you that." he said, "for developing the situation now rather than waiting until after the wedding."

Jack flushed up and, chivalrous follow that he was, advanced toward Prentiss angrily crying out, "You don't mean that you believe"-

He left the seutence unfinished, the two men facing each other. Jack flushed and hot and Prentiss with perfect command of himself. "You are very young," said Prentiss, finally, "and I would not for the world

say or do anything to dash the beautiful belief which you still seem to have in this young lady."

Something in the quiet chilliness of his manner seemed to take away from Jack also the impulse to defend me. In the look which they exchanged I seemed to see the elder man counselling the younger that, whatever else I might be, I was certainly not worth fighting over. And Jack seemed, somehow, to be cepting that estimate, for without a word to me he turned and went toward the door. But when there he swung around again, as if with a sudden renewal of

"It was all my fault. Remember that, Mr. Buckner, and don't be hard or

Prentiss only smiled and Jack was gone, leaving me alone with him. As he turned his smiling face upon me I suddenly hated him more than I have ever hated any one before or since. I faced him, wondering if it were possible to regain my sway over him; to marry him in spite of all this and make him pay for that manner of his.

"Well," I said, "you saw Jack Spain lessing me."
"Pardon me," he replied, "but I saw YOU kissing Jack Spain. There is a certain difference, you know."

"It is trivial," I answered, "but I suppose you want an explanation."

"It would be interesting to hear your explanation," he remarked, politely, sitting down with the air of a person quite willing to be amused by a theatrical

(To Be Continued.)

The Hedgeville Editor By John L. Hobble

HECK HENDERSON says truth is all right in its place, but you must con- and fired at Massiban, sider your wife's happiness.

HECK HENDERSON was elected Probate Judge, but his whiskers didn't grow out long enough for him to qualify.

M ISS TESS PAFAUN says that she hates to fose confidence in human nature, but she has a chance to get married.

HELEN REYNOLDS is studyin' voice culture, and it counds like she

GEORGE GRAUT says that he would like to have his boy grow up to be

dimmicrat, but he don't think it is right to keep a child out of school.

Babbling Bess

WELL PAPA SAID HE KNEW I HAD TALENT SO YOU MUST BE A BUM TEACHER

By Harry Palmer







A "Pocket Chaperon." HERE is one unimpeachable mormurs an apology, and is

Betty Vincent's

Advice to Lovers

"I have been calling frequently upon a girl who recens to think a great deal of me but who never calls me by my first name. She refers to other men who meets men other than her flance when he does not know it.

Why not ask the young lady to call "I am deeply in love with a you by your first name, if you wish her girl and as soon as I am in a financial

to? She is probably only waiting for you to speak of it.

To Meet Others.

To Meet Others.

To she is probably only waiting for position we will announce our engagement. However, for the present, I still call on other girls and the girl I love objects. Is she right?"

A YOUNG man who signs his letters

"F. B." writes:

"I have had an argument with my flancee. She asked me what a thought of a girl who was engaged to be

"I have had an argument with my flancee. She asked me what a throught of a girl who was engaged to be say you do, you should respect them.

YOUNG man who signs his letter I said such a girl was dishonorable. And she said I was too severe. What do you think?"

Other Girls.

chaperon for a young girl ately lost in the crowd. ried in purse or pocket, is invisible and ever ready for instant use. No Broadway masher can to say a word. She just calmly looks mistake it; no Willie-boy, no matter him over, through the glasses; and he how fresh, will are address the mai-den thus equipped. In cases of extreme beauty, silver-

by their first names and I am curlous

to know why she does not call me by mine. Do you think she dislikes my

His First Name.

a fresh person accosting a girl of more circumstances to make an excursion or less good looks. She turns and trains down Broadway at night, let her wear

There is no necessity for a cre "Sir-r!" No necessity of threatening to call an officer. The girl docs not have

A YOUNG man who signs his letters
"S. L." writes:
"I am deeply in love with a

This pocket chaperon—better than a gun, a dog or a pollcoman—4s a pair of eyeglasses.

Imagine, at any time of night or day, on him the battery of neat rimiess glasses with a nice gold nose-plece, bespeaking comfort and great respectability. He is crushed, stanned, wiited. He school superintendents.

"The Hollow Needle"

Another ARSENE LUPIN Story

By Maurice Leblanc

I NEVER SAW SUCH A STUPID CHILD, YOU'LL HAVE TO PRACTICE MORE OR I'LL TELL YOUR

SYNOPSIS OF PIECEDING CHAPTER Are no limit, the "thiof grains" of Proba the charten of the Count die clearce, is Reauticited, a seventeen-year-old schoolboy, the meeters of the theft. In revenue limit mays limited the text of the county limited the best for the probability of the probability of the probability of the limited of the first his bound in the limited the best formed a revenue the two cases. Values in bearing a flavor of the first of the limited as a limited as the limited as a limited SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

CHAPIER VII. .

Mee de Villemon, now caimer, was your inquiry, how I knew of the lefter lie was a many attaining straight up on his lega, his bedy squared.

This does, polity emissed the chance of a lifetime. If you hadn't took them it was Lupin, there'd have ground to the many for the waste of the lifetime of the wood never speak now, whatever have been good the wood never speak now, whatever have been found as the wood never speak now, whatever have been for me. But appeal to her. Their eves met. He was developed?

The males up your, with four to one against me?

The males up your, with four to one against me?

The males up to them:

The males up to them:

The males up to the was, hand me border of the Molov plant the straight of the past.

The males up to the was, hand me border of the Molov plant the straight of the past.

The males up to the was, hand me border of the shall the straight of the straight of the past.

The males up to the was, hand me border of the shall the straight of the past would never your mistress. Come lurry, you fall the solve the shallow.

Well, what do you say to their your mistress. Come lurry, you fall the servant handed him and tire it into the year.

The price of treachery! It burns my fingers.

The rote of treachery! It burns my fingers.

The rote of treachery! It burns my fingers.

He took off his hat and, howing very like the color of the wood adjoint the yard of the past of the

(Continued.)

EAUTHELET put his head in list frozers posset, seemed the but of his revolver, cache the with his foreigner, then audically produced the weapon and fired at Massban.

and fired at Massban.

Massban, as though he were watch in the boy's movements, had avoided a linear produced the weapon and fired at Massban.

Massban, as though he were watch in the boy's movements, had avoided in the but in

ou took your time to recognize me! vants' faces.

Sea my make-up as old Massiban so old as all that?'

When I could twist my thumbs in all sewe go at the fourth speed. Ho you of the letter treat prepared for me by my ancestors, recently like an hour. Jump in, was now standing straight up on watching by her son. He went up to Massiban wrote you and his appoint.